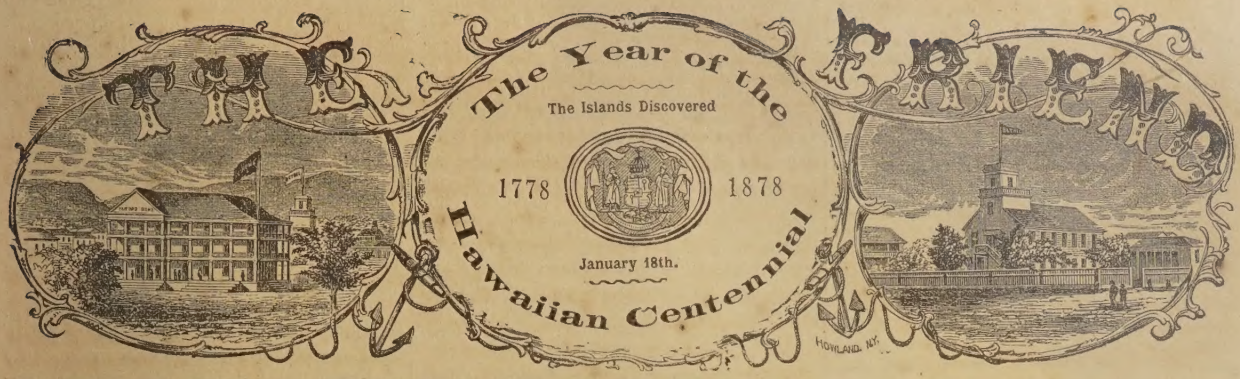

New Series, Vol. 27, No. 10.} HONOLULU, OCTOBER 1, 1878. {Old Series, Vol. 35.

CONTENTS
For October 1, 1878.

	PAGE
Leave of absence of Dr. Scott	77
Father Chiniquy	77
Death of Governor Moehonua	77
Rambles in the Old World—No. 21	77–80
American and German Scholarship	80
The Rev. Dr. Lang	80
The Rev. Dr. Somerville	80
Marine Journal	81
Tribute to the Memory of Rev. Daniel Dole	82
Y. M. C. A.	84

THE FRIEND.

OCTOBER 1, 1878.

ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE.—Dr. Scott, U. S. Consul, is about to leave with his wife for the United States, to be absent four or five months. He has now held the consular office for a period of four years, during which time he has discharged its duties in an honorable manner, and has certainly achieved one point never attained by any one of his numerous predecessors; whereas they, during each period of four years, have drawn upon the Department for from $50,000 to $150,000, he has not only paid expenses, but remitted a small balance to Washington. Of late his health has not been good, and he is doubtless experiencing the effects of those hard political campaigning tours of former years, when he was wont to mightily amuse the inhabitants of the rural districts of Ohio by his speeches and anecdotes, *a la* Abraham Lincoln. Hoping to welcome them after a pleasant visit to their native land, we wish them a pleasant voyage and speedy return.

We add that His Excellency Mr. Comly, U. S. Minister Resident, on Friday evening, Sept. 27th, at his residence in Nuuanu Valley, gave a reception in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Scott's departure. It was a general gathering of the *elite* of Honolulu, including the British, French, German and other Representatives of foreign nations at the Hawaiian Court. The evening was mild and pleasant. It was altogether a most delightful reunion of the foreign residents of Honolulu. Minister Comly and his estimable lady entertained their guests in a most charming style.

FATHER CHINIQUY.—Among the passengers bound to Australia on board the last steamer from San Francisco was a gentleman whose career as a Catholic priest and convert to Protestantism is of world-wide notoriety. Canadian papers, as well as those of the United States, have noticed his career in numberless paragraphs and articles. He has had not a little to do with the present excitement connected with the "processions" marching through the streets of Montreal. Some twenty years ago he was defended and honorably acquitted through the legal abilities of the late President Lincoln. While two associated lawyers charged him a $1,000 fee each, Mr. Lincoln nominally charged a $50 fee, and then receipted the bill, which he still retains as a memorial of the Martyr President. Father Chiniquy retains a most pleasant reminiscence of the Sandwich Islands, for about twenty years ago some one sent him a donation of $100, and he desired we would notice the fact, as he feels very grateful for this expression of sympathy and kindness, although the name of the donor, or donors, is forgotten. We would acknowledge a copy of "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional," by Father Chiniquy.

DEATH OF THE GOVERNOR OF MAUI.—It is with profound regret we record the death of Governor Moehonua. He was one of the truly noble Hawaiians, and the nation can ill afford to spare such a man. The Rev. Mr. Parker remarks in his funeral address that he was "a liberal-minded Christian gentleman, a friend of every one, a lover of his country, and of his race." His funeral was largely attended on Sabbath afternoon, September 22d, from Kawaiahao Church, and the Government paid all possible respect to his remains.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 21

To-day—July 30th—is election day, but it will pass by quietly, I imagine, for all the police regulations are so systematic here. There has been much talk during the past two months in reference to Reichstag elections, owing to the Social-Democratic element in politics, which has of late made itself felt so much. The times have been very hard for the poor people in Germany for the last year or two, and unless matters improve, it will be doubly hard for them in the coming winter. We have poor people at the Islands, but I think we never see there the poverty that is seen in Europe and America. I hope we shall never become "civilized" enough for that.

We have been enjoying some delightful weather—days of unclouded sunshine, and not too warm. When I hear of the dangerously hot weather which has been lately in some parts of the United States, I feel that we have been most favored. There has not been a day this summer when my room was not delightfully comfortable; but then we are particularly favored in our location, there being, in many respects, no better in Berlin. During the hot days the pavements have been kept drenched with water, as this made the air so much cooler for the Emperor. We too profited by this, and the air came fresh and moist to our rooms. This evening is delightful; the lamps in the Opera Place burn brightly, looking like so many camp fires in the night, as if we had a little army encamped at our feet. Though the evening is now somewhat advanced, the busy rattle and rumble of wheels and horse-hoofs still goes on. It is a real summer evening in a great city. Many people are out of town, and those who stay are endeavoring to make themselves as comfortable as they can, and all over the city, if we should walk out together, we should find little groups by the open doors, on balconies, promenading the streets and avenues, or gathered cosily in the gardens, under the trees, listening to music.

I am hoping, if possible, some time this week to start on a vacation jaunt, and perhaps my next letter will be sent to you from the sea-side. I had no idea I could get so home-sick for the sea, and am already beginning to think how delicious it will be to drink in the fresh air blown from over the

tumbling waves of the Baltic; but before leaving I wish to say a few words about the city which has been my home for the past six months—

BERLIN.

This city lies like a densely populated island in the midst of a great sea-like level plain, stretching far away to east and west, and to the chill waters of the German ocean and Baltic Sea. A more unpoetic situation it would, in some respects, be difficult to find. And yet amid the steril sands and dreary monotony of this Brandenburg plain, starting from a little fishing village on the banks of the Spree as its germ, has arisen one of the finest of modern capitals. I find something peculiarly interesting and eminently suggestive and instructive in the lesson which this city teaches in its growth and history,—of the possibilities of success and victory which may result from the steady, patient overcoming of great natural defects and blemishes. Berlin is in the main, essentially a modern city. There is nothing in the way of ancient Cathedral architecture, nor rare and quaint effects of mediæval lights and shadows in picturesque streets, nor winding ways and thoroughfares down which you walk to find in shadowy nooks the eloquent reminders of other and long buried centuries. All this is lacking and to one who derives a pleasure from such associations, it is indeed a serious lack. But there are compensations. You would not find here the almost unnatural and abnormal manifestation of life, of swift and passionate existence which is manifest in New York or Paris, but I think I have never been in a city where I felt so impressed by the presence of a vigorous healthy *humanity* as here, with splendid possibilities of growth and development.

And to the student of the "living present" as well as of the historic past, this is marvellously interesting. In endeavoring to sketch something of Berlin for you. I should commence by putting your hand with mine on the very *pulse* itself of the city, the point where its life and energy is most manifest. And this is to be found in the splendid avenue, already so familiar to you, bearing the poetic and suggestive name

"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

Ever since I have been in Berlin I have been desirous of photographing this famous street for you. But now that I have my little camera directed full upon it, I find that it is no easy task. One might as well endeavor to describe the effects of the shadows and sunlight as they chase each other in summer weather over a meadow, or put into words the eloquent changes of expression which come with varying emotions over the human face as to give in bare words a picture of this street, this ever brilliant, animated "Unter den Linden." At first it may seem rather out of the way to speak of a crowded, busy thoroughfare as a theme for a poet. And yet after all where could he find a nobler inspiration? It seems almost like some stately river, which has given itself to the use of man. Generation after generation sail their giant fleets upon it, launch their countless ships of traffic, of discovery, of war, perhaps, on its surface; send out painted pleasure boats to linger for a while in its brilliancy and glittering show. And still this strangely obedient ever ready, magical river holds its way through the years. It reflects the lights and shadows of every passing moment, sleeps at times calmly and peacefully as a sheltered lake, and again rages with fury and passion at some moments when the storms of political or national excitement sweep over its surface. One must be very dull, very perversely unimaginative not to find sermons, poems, inspiration in the words of meaning, which come from such scenes. Some day perhaps some one will put into poetic *words*, the *thoughts* which must involuntarily arise when one sees the few great, historic thoroughfares of the world.

The Linden is not a long avenue, it does not compare with Broadway for energy and bustle, and many would give the palm to the Boulevards of Paris, for beauty. And yet there is a charm, a picturesqueness, yes I may say a positive artistic beauty about the Linden, which renders it peculiarly attractive to the visitor and resident. As a kind of preparation to the promenade down the Linden, we pause for a few moments in the Lust Garden, a large, open place, planted with trees, shrubbery, flowers and grass. This is one of the breathing spots of the crowded city. Here on a sunny day the place is studded all over with groups of little children, with fair Teuton faces and eyes as blue as German skies in the spring time. On one side of the place rises the stately Old Museum with its broad flight of steps and its massive Ionic columns, and gigantic wall paintings, symbolic and mythological. There is something singularly effective in these paintings, framed, as it were, in the embrace of grey columns and stone walls. I like this color and warmth out in the day-light, and fresh air. It seems a part of it. Should we once get within the doors, so wonderfully rich are its collections I do not know where there would be any getting out. However, as we are turning from it, notice at the entrance the two superb equestrian statues in bronze. With one of them very likely you may be familiar. It is an Amazon on horseback; a tiger has leaped upon the horse. It is all splendid, tremendous action, the coming of the swift-pointed spear through the air, the fierce grasp of the tiger's claws in the flesh of the rearing horse, the meeting of wild human and animal life! Another side of the place is formed by the Cathedral, a most uninteresting and unpretending building, and still another by the massive bulk of the Imperial Palace of which I have told you before. In the centre of the Lust Garten, is a large equestrian statue of William IV., the brother of the present Emperor. I have tarried some little time in this open space, because it seemed a fitting introduction to the Linden, from which we are now separated only by a bridge, which I find however one of the most interesting points in the whole city. It is ornamented with eight noble statues by different sculptors "Symbolizing the Life of the Warrior!" I must not stop here to describe them, but they represent different phases in the warrior's career, from the early days of childhood, drinking in the inspiration of the names of the great conquerors of history, through youth learning the use of his newly given weapons; on into manhood and into the thick of the conflict, ending in the upward flight of Iris, to Olympus, bearing to his reward the hero who has fallen fighting at his post. They are most beautifully executed statues, full of vigor and animation, and I have found them a constant source of pleasure, during the winter, watching them under varying lights and circumstances, in the freshness and sweetness of the early morning and in the evening when they rose into the moonlight or looked out from the half-lighted shadows of the night.

But at last we stand on the avenue itself, stretching far, far away, past long lines of buildings, past the splendid equestrian statue of Frederic the Great, past graceful, verdant rows of linden and chesnut trees to the distant Brandenburg Gate. With the avenue bathed in sunshine, with the flash here and there of brilliant equipages, and glitter of military uniforms and sounds of martial music floating down to you, and the countless grouping of men and women and children on all sides, and the presence of noble buildings and palaces and statues it is indeed an inspiring sight. To our right as we commence our walk, lies the huge arsenal, and a little further on to our left the palace of the Crown Prince, a splendid building, with a colnnade on one side. Beyond the arsenal lies the Guard House, where soldiers are always stationed. Perhaps some Royal Carriage is coming down the avenue. If so, you hear a loud call to arms, the tap and roll of the drum, and see the line formed to "present arms." Or if it is about the hour of noon, you may pause with the crowd in the beautiful chesnut-grove near at hand to listen to the perfect, military music which seems to fill the quiet noon air with a wonderful melodious life. Perhaps the grove is filled with troops in faultless uniforms, and officers in glittering costume and covered with orders and medals are receiving and giving orders. And right at hand is the immense university building, directly on the avenue and so near where we have just been listening to the music that sometimes the brilliant strains of the band float into the lecture rooms and almost drown the wise words of the Professors, and have an odd way of mixing themselves up with Latin verse, and historic dates, and profound and metaphysical reasoning. There is a glorious cluster of chesnuts, just in the rear of the university itself, which seem a kind of grand protest against all this brick and mortar and architecture which have invaded the old forests which probably once covered all this region. Nothing could be more beautiful than the splendid majesty of their billows of green in the freshness of the spring time, which seem to have been swept up from some wonderful under world, or ocean, thrown grandly into mid-air and there caught and held and balanced by some mysterious force. There seems to me some thing very fitting about the location of the university. It stands in the busy, earnest, bustling world, the full tide of human life and action sweeping up to its very portal, and yet finding a stillness, a hush and repose in this stately grove of trees, and in the gardens which lie in its rear. If you will pardon the fancy, you might imagine it

typified the real life of the student, or rather the student as he should be, a man among men, earnest, vigorous, true, sharing with them in all the experiences of heart and life, and yet having in still moments a sheltered retreat, where he can unhindered listen to the voices which come to him from the garnered wisdom of all time and ponder on the lessons, thus learned. The university building was a palace a hundred years ago or so, but in the early part of this century became a university and now has become one of the most renowned institutions of learning in Europe and the world. Of this university and of university life and education in Germany, I hope I may be able to tell you something in the future. Across the avenue are statues of some of the heroes of Germany, and then comes the Opera House, and just behind it the singular church of St. Hedwig, in architecture modelled after thePantheon in Rome. And here is the Opera Place upon which my eye rests, as I look up from my writing. Vis-a-vis is the university with its garden at the front; on one side is the Opera House, on the other the Palace of the Emperor and the Royal Library, in the centre lies the place with its emerald turf, and flowers and shrubbery and walks. And from my window I see it all and the Linden flowing between with its stony waves and burden of human life. Truly it is a goodly out look vaulted by the azure above and I hope to be able to sketch for you many a view from my "eyrie." The library is a unique sort of a building. It is said that Frederic the Great, a man as you know full of queerest caprices, gave his architect a cabinet or chest of drawers as a model. Yet I like it on the whole and it seems good to be living so near. Just think how many neighbors I have, in that brown stone building looking so quiet and peaceful there at this noon time, from the blossoming lilacs at its base to the sculptured and silent figures on its roof! There are on its shelves and in its nooks some 900,000 volumes or so, waiting to give me welcome when ever I see fit to cross the street! Then there too are priceless manuscripts and other treasures. Here is Luther's Bible and his Theses, the manuscript or score of Beethoven's 9th Symphony. But excuse me for forgetting that to-day we came to visit the Linden and not libraries. The Emperor's Palace joins right on to the Library. Of the interior I have told you a little something before. This is one of the central points of Berlin, to-day I do not see the Imperial standard flying, hence infer the Emperor is at his country palace at Babelsbery, or elsewhere near Berlin. Nearly every day you see a crowd gathered in front of the palace which is directly on the street, so that if possible they may catch some glimpse of the Emperor, who was never so popular as now. There is almost always something going on. A group of carriages with liveried servants stand waiting for their owners who are perhaps being received by the Emperor, or the Imperial carriages dash out from one side. Soldiers stand statue-like before the entrance. Directly in front of the palace and in the very centre of the Linden, stands one of the most beautiful works of art in Europe in bronze, by Rauch, the equestrian statue of Frederic the Great. Never have I seen the splendid form of the horse so nobly imitated as here. The base is of polished granite, then comes an elaborate pedestal in bronze representing incidents in Prussian History, at each corner being a figure on horseback. The crowning piece of all is Frederic, represented almost with the naturalness of life, on a superb charger. The horse and royal rider, rise far up into the air and present a most majestic appearance. Looking up or down the avenue this statue is always prominent, and especially at evening when the dark bronze is set against the delicately flushed and tinted western sky, the effect is peculiarly fine. At this point the avenue, first asserts its right to its name, "Unter den Linden." Here the long rows of trees begin which in Spring and Summer give an especial charm to this promenade. Through the centre is a broad way, designed alone for those on foot so that one may walk in peace here under the sheltering shadows of the trees, while the endless procession of carriages of vehicles of all kinds, and of horsemen, pass up and down on either side. One must keep his eyes very widely open at this point. Some of the most beautiful shops and stores in Berlin display their choice treasures here. As we pass on with the swaying, ever changing and always I may say good humored crowd, we pass windows blazing with jewels and gold and silver; art stores, where choice engravings and paintings look out on the crowd below, and hint to the passers by of quiet valleys, of distant Alpine lakes, of gorgeous Oriental Interiors, of all varying phases of joy and sorrow in human life; and here we are at the famous *passage*, or magnificent covered gallery passing from the Linden to a neighboring street. Here are all manner of stores and bazaars, and is one of the favorite promenades of the city in the evening, still we go on. Flower women and girls are eager to sell us dainty clusters of "lilies of the valley," wild flowers and roses. Here are stands with all the latest papers and there are wooden stands, placarded with the theatre and play bills of the evening. Here are windows of florists with the most beautiful and exquisite flowers. There is a café crowded with hearty, happy looking Berlin people taking their coffee or chocolate, or ices or beer. Down the avenue comes a troop of splendid soldiers, with firm and steady tread, and the air is filled for a moment with some stirring music. Sometimes it seems as if nearly every other person was in uniform, but it adds immensely to the picturesque effect. Here some carriage, with beautiful horses and livires is dashing by and from the doffing of countless hats, far down the avenue, you see that it is the Emperor, the Crown Prince, or some distinguished or royal personage. Following in the wake of the finer private equipages come the *Droschkes*, or cabs busily darting hither and thither. We pass many public buildings, and hotels, palaces of Princes and Foreign Ambassadors; to our left stretches off the Aristocratic Wilhelmstrasse, where Bismarck and many other distinguished or wealthy public and private people live. And after this interesting and to one, who enjoys seeing a new and brilliant phase of life, profitable promenade, we come to the Pariser Platz, surrounded by palaces and private dwellings, &c., &c., to the *Brandenburg Gate*, which has been growing larger and larger before us, as we advanced down the Linden. This is a massive stone structure, divided up into a number of small gate ways, the central one being reserved for royal carriages. It is surmounted by a famous group in bronze, the Quadriga Victory or some symbolic figure in a chariot drawn by four horses. This was taken to Paris by the French, but was brought back to the city of Berlin in 1814. Near this fine gate, were held the impressive ceremonies connected with the return of the Emperor and army after the Franco-Prussian war, and now we have reached the end of the Linden. Beyond through the gate-way, we see the beginning of the Thier Garten, the beautiful public park of the city, now very lovely in its summer freshness. I certainly trust we may yet see this together, but perhaps to-day it will be necessary to close our rambles in the shadow of this old historic gate of which we have just now been speaking, and which seems to be a fitting terminus for our promenade.

Sassnitz, Island of Rugen, Baltic Sea,
August 10, 1878.

I have written the concluding pages of my letter amid far different surroundings than those in which the first were written. I have left the great German capital, and with swift train and steamer have come to the charming Island of Rügen. To-night I have watched the great golden moon lighting up the waves of the Baltic Sea. Your "Rambler" has his eyes turned towards the North, and hopes to see something of Denmark, perhaps of Sweden, in a little holiday run which he is giving himself in this University vacation. Perhaps, if it would be interesting to you, another time I may give you some of the "jottings" which the journey may leave in my note-book and heart. After being away from the sea for nearly two years, living in inland cities, I am luxuriating in the sights and scenes of the great sea again. What a welcome it has for me; what a "home-coming" the last day has been! How good it was to see the gleam of the myriad waves, to hear the calls and cries of the sailors over the water, to smell the salt air sweeping over the waves, the sands and the sea-weed. This is a lovely island—the largest which Germany possesses. I am writing you from a little village on the north-eastern coast. The islanders are a simple, kindly folk, talking a quaint, rich kind of jargon, which I like to hear. The little town looks over the broadly-gleaming Baltic from its eyrie on the white cliffs. It runs and rambles down to the shore and sands in the most delightfully unceremonious fashion. It is picturesque with tiled and thatched roofs, with gardens and shrubbery, and over it broods the most delicious restful peace. How near the *sea* has made the "Islands" seem to me. Dear as they always are, they seem doubly dear to me to-night, by reason of this great gleaming, moonlit sea, which so strangely separates and yet at the same time joins them to me. Of the beautiful forests, glorious bays, old legends and historic remains on

this island, and in that wonderful Northern world on which we are just entering, we may have much in future days to talk.

FRANK WILLIAMS DAMON.

P. S.—August 13th, on the pier at Burg, Island of Rugen, waiting for the steamer for Stratsend—(written on a barrel as writing table).—I want to tell you how delightfully we are getting on in our journey. Rarely have I ever enjoyed anything more than this excursion. The weather is delightful and the country charming, beyond my poor words to describe. Since leaving Sassnitz, we have had a wonderfully pleasant day along the sea-shore, with glorious views of the blue ocean, splendid beech forests carpeted with moss and ivy, great white cliffs rising majestically from the sea, and air that is like a draught from the fountain of immortal youth. We have been taking our way through little fishing villages, where the people are as cordial and pleasant as their country is charming. We have visited most interesting old Swedish Druidical remains, reaching back to the times of which Tacitus in his "Germania" speaks. Yesterday had a delightful and inspiring row and sail for hours over a great bay to Arzona, the most northern point of the Island of Rugen. Three fine, bronzed German fishermen brought us over—cheery, kind-hearted fellows. The old keeper of the lighthouse, an old sailor, with his rosy-cheeked wife, gave us a cordial welcome, and we stayed over night with them. A ramble on the shore, lighting the lamps in the lighthouse, soft moonlight on the sea, a night in a pleasant room in the old lighthouse, we have enjoyed so much. This morning up bright and early; delicious walk of seven or eight miles in the early dew and golden grainfields; blue sweep of sea, reapers at work, white sheep in the fields, pretty villages with many thatched roofs—all is interesting; we are so well, and enjoy so much. To-day to Stratsend, then to Rostock (old Hanseatic town), then by steamer and rail to Copenhagen—every step of the way is full of pleasure. The steamer is coming. Excuse this scribbling. F. W. D.

DILLINGHAM & CO.'S NEW STORE.—It is with much pleasure that we acknowledge from the proprietors of this new and beautiful store a donation of $20 for the Ladies' Stranger's Friend Society. May the future profits of these enterprising gentlemen enable them hereafter to donate many such contributions to the benevolent societies of Honolulu. The store and its fitting up reflect much credit upon the projector, architect, builder, and workmen.

American and German Scholarship.

In reading a work upon German Universities, by Professor Hart, an American, who is a graduate of Princeton and Gottingen, we find much to interest and instruct. The work is published by Putnam of New York. We think our readers will be interested in the following notices of two distinguished scholars—one an American and the other a German:

"During those secluded years, before the call to the New York University, he (i. e., the late Professor Tayler Lewis, of Union College,) read the Hebrew Bible through *annually*, for fourteen years; the Iliad and Odyssey, entire, almost as often; the whole of the Greek drama, forty-five extant plays, twice over, and many of them oftener; all the dialogues of Plato, some of them frequently; nearly all of Aristotle—his Physica, Metaphysica, and his more special physical treatises, and also his ethical and political writings; a large part of the lesser hexameter poets, such as Apollonius Rhodius and Aratus; also Pindar and the pastoral poets; all of Thucydides; all of Herodotus; all of Xenophon; nearly all of Plutarch, Longinus, Lucian, Diodorus Siculus, and the Gnomic and Epic poetry; all of Virgil, Horace and Ovid; and all of Cicero, except his orations."

"Perhaps the reader would like to know what I mean by a 'first-rate.' In my third semester I became acquainted with a young Dr. B——, who had been out of the University three years. He was then barely in his twenty-sixth year. In addition to his uncommon attainments in Greek and Latin, he had passed a year in France and two years in England. He spoke English and French with perfect fluency and precision, and could maintain a conversation in Italian and Spanish. He was a favorite pupil of Ewald in Persian, Hebrew and Arabic, and, as Benfey assured me, was the most promising young Sanscrit scholar of Germany. Soon after I made his acquaintance, he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Queen's College, Bombay, through the influence of Max Müller. In less than a year after entering upon the duties of his professorship, he inaugurated the publication of a long and carefully edited series of valuable Sanscrit texts. He was, in all respects what we call a 'driver,' a man who knows no rest."

THE REV. DR. LANG.—Australian papers received by the last steamer announce the death of this venerable and distinguished divine—without question the most prominent clerical and political character in the history of the Australian Colonies during the last half-century. His long career extends from 1822, when he arrived in Sydney, to become pastor of the Scottish National Church. As a preacher, writer, editor, member of Parliament, agent for colonists, advocate of reform, few men have occupied a more conspicuous position. This fact is recognised when a public funeral is accorded to him and a procession over a mile in length accompanies his remains to the grave, including the principal Government officials and the humblest Colonists. A marked feature of the procession was the presence of a large delegation of Chinese. From the sketch of the funeral, as published in the *Evening News* of Sydney, we copy as follows:

"As soon as the coffin was placed in the hearse, the funeral procession was formed. First came nearly 500 Chinamen, including all the principal Chinese residents, led by Chin Ah Teck, Sue Hing Long, Hing Chiang, Tin War, Ah Chong, and other leading Chinese merchants. [This was in recognition of Dr. Lang's services in the abolition of the poll-tax on Chinese.] Next came the hearse, attended by the pall-bearers—Sir John Robertson, Sir Henry Parkes, Hon. W. B. Dalley, and Mr. W. Neill, J. P. Then came about 500 citizens, walking in ranks of six and eight deep, amongst whom were many of deceased's oldest friends and some of the immigrant's he was instrumental in bringing out to the colony."

Dr. Lang's visit to Honolulu will be remembered, when he occupied the Fort Street and Bethel pulpits. Several times during his eventful career has he revisited England and Scotland, twice traveled through the United States, and otherwise performed an amount of public work almost incredible. On his coffin was the simple inscription: "John Dunmore Lang, D. D. Died 8th of August, aged 78 years."

THE REV. DR. SOMERVILLE.—In our last issue we announced that this distinguished divine would preach in Fort Street Church. Agreeable to notice, he was listened to with much delight by an audience hastily gathered while the steamer was taking in freight. The career of this evangelist is largely noticed in the religious and secular papers of the Australian Colonies. Remarks the *Australian Witness*, of Sydney, of August 8th:

"Dr. Somerville has preached almost daily, except when traveling, for the last fourteen months. He has visited Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, New Zealand and Tasmania, and has held a series of meetings in the chief cities and towns of these five colonies. It is a matter for regret, though not for wonder, that at the very last he had to abandon the hope of going to South Australia by bodily prostration, after so long a strain upon his physical frame. In each of these fields of labor he received an unanimous welcome, was listened to by thousands, and was the means of reviving many Christians to a more spiritual and earnest life, and of leading many others to decide for Christ as their Saviour. Ministers and others of the different evangelical Churches have been stirred up to new zeal. Young Men's Christian Associations have been brought into prominence and very largely helped, both in their mode of working and in their means of accommodation and support. Children have everywhere been addressed at separate meetings. Christian ladies have been induced to form associations for doing good in a variety of ways."

He is now returning to Glasgow, where he has officiated as a city pastor during the last forty years.

☞The London "Leisure Hour" contains a series of "Letters from the Rocky Mountains," by Miss I. L. Bird, author of the book "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands." These letters are written in the same style as those from the Islands. Miss Bird is now traveling in Japan, and doubtless ere long the reading public will be made acquainted with that land by her graceful and facile pen.

ARRIVAL FROM MADEIRA.—The bark *Priscilla* has arrived, 120 days from Madeira, bringing immigrants—59 males, 25 females, and 36 children. All well.

NEWS.—By the arrival of the *Eustace* we have news from San Francisco to Sept. 6th. We would acknowledge late copies of *Call* and *Bulletin* from Whitney & Robertson. The yellow fever is still raging with unabated virulence throughout the South. Aid from the North goes continually forward.

NAVAL.—On Wednesday last the British steam corvette *Opal*, 17 days from Esquimalt, B. C., arrived en route for Tahiti. The *Opal* is composite built, of 1478 tons, carrying 14 rifled guns, and a ship's company of 234 men. She will remain in port for about two weeks. The following is a list of her officers:

Captain—Fred. Charles Bryan Robinson.
Lieutenants—John Hanham Henderson, Harry L. Ross, Thos. H. S. Robertson, Arthur F. Graves.
Navigating Lieutenant—George S. Ralph.
Chaplain and Naval Instructor—Rev. Fred. Jeremiah Matthews, M. A.
Staff Surgeon—Thomas S. Burnett.
Chief Engineer—George Fullerton Bell.
Paymaster—Edward Tisdall.
Surgeon—William E. Breton, M. D.
Engineers—Thomas Russell, Richard S. Kiernan, Wm. W. Wootton.
Sub-Lieutenants—Eyre M. Shaw, Frank A. S. Farewell.
Assistant Paymaster—Charles Henry Allen Ward.
Midshipmen—Samuel S. V. C. Messum, W. E. Elliot, A. P. Stoddart, Launcelot B. Denman.
Gunner—Thomas Murray.
Boatswain—John Robbins.
Carpenter—John Radford.—*P. C. Advertiser, Sept. 7.*

AT the Paris Exposition, the United States has been awarded a gold medal for her educational exhibit, and *the highest award* made to any educational journal of *any country* has been given to the *Journal of Education*, published in Boston. This is, indeed, a great and well deserved compliment. The grand prize of the Exposition has been given to Mr. Thomas A. Edison for the most wonderful inventions of the age. Truly we have some reason to be proud of America. A diploma of honor has also been awarded our country for her agricultural exhibit. The French Agricultural Society offered eleven works of art as awards, and seven of these were granted to Americans. The French have with difficulty been made to see that our schools for the higher education of women, as at Wellesley, Vassar and Smith Colleges, amount to much, but the wife of the Austrian juror, it is said, greatly helped in the matter.

Information Wanted.

Mrs. D. H. Simmonds, of Alta city, Washington Territory, U. S. A., writes to the United States Consul, asking information of her brother, John Clingensmith, who was landed from on board of a ship on one of these Islands, with two other men, about 1860.

Respecting Ebenezer Easter Hill, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y. He sailed from New Bedford as a passenger on board a whale-ship, for Sandwich Islands, about the year 1852. He was at that time between 35 and 38 years of age. Any information will be gladly received by the American Minister Resident, or by the Editor.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—There now resides in Yokohama Mrs. M. I. Gibbs, formerly Mrs. J. Vaughn, of Honolulu. Any parties wishing for information will apply to Hawaiian Consul, L. P. Lilybridge, Esq., of Yokohama.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Aug 30—Am bk Buena Vista, Swanton, 24 days fm Puget S'd.
30—Ship E. Dovaie, — days from Burrard's Inlet.
31—Bk Mary Goodell, Eames, 45 days from Yokohama.
31—Frank Marion, ——, 70 days from Hong Kong.
31—Am bktne Discovery, Winding, 16 days from San Francisco.
31—Schr Vivid, from Fanning's Island.
Sept 2—P M S Australia, Cargill, 17 days from Sydney.
4—Brit bktne Pomare, ——.
4—H B M S Opal, Robinson, 22 days from Victoria.
5—Bk Sonoma, 14 days from San Francisco.
8—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Chevert, 15 days from Port Gamble.
8—Am bktne Ella, Brown, — days from S. Francisco.
8—Haw schr Giovanni Apiani, Weeks, from Arctic.
9—Haw bk Kalakaua, Jenks, from Hilo.
9—Brit bk Madura, Stanton, 15 days from Jarvis Isl'd.
9—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, 7 days, 2 hours and 50 minutes from San Francisco.
12—Am schr General Harney, Tripp, 15 days from San Francisco.
12—Haw stmr Mokolii, Reynolds, 13 days and 19 hours from San Francisco.
16—Am sh Syren, Manter, from St Lawrence Bay.
17—Am bk Camden, Robinson, 23 days fm Port Gamble
18—Bel stmr Perusia, McKerdy, 17 days fm Yokohama.
19—Am bk Amy Turner, Newell, 114 days from Boston
19—Haw schr Liholiho, 17 days from Port Ludlow.
22—Am bktne J A Falkinberg, Hubbard, 16 days from Portland, O.
22—Am bk Garibaldi, Forbes, 47 days from New Castle.
23—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, 17 days from San Francisco.
29—Bk Priscilla, 120 days from Madeira.
29—Am schr Eustace, 21 days from San Francisco.
29—Schr Compeer, — days from Port Gamble.
30—P M S City of New York, Cobb, — days from Sydney.

DEPARTURES.

Sept 2—P M S Australia, Cargill, for San Francisco.
5—Haw schr Nettie Merrill, Hatfield, for S. Francisco.
8—Am bk Buena Vista, for Port Gamble.
10—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for Sydney.
11—Am 3-mast schr Elnorah, Lass, for San Francisco.
14—U S trainship Jamestown, Glass, for San Francisco
14—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Chevert, for Port Gamble.
16—H B M S Opal, Captain C B Robinson, for Tahiti.
16—Brit sh City of Perth, Torrance, for Portland, O.
18—Bel stmr Perusia, McKerdy, for Callao.
18—Am bk Frank Marion, for San Francisco.
18—Am bk Discovery, Winding, for San Francisco.
19—Am sh Syren, Manter, for New Bedford.
19—Tahitian schr Vivid, for Fanning's Island.
22—Brit bk Madura, Stanton, for Cork.
24—Am bktne Ella, Brown, for San Francisco.
25—Am bk Camden, Robinson, for Port Gamble.
26—Am bk Edward James, O'Brien, for Tahiti via Kawaihae.

MEMORANDA.

REPORT OF STEAMER MOKOLII.—Left San Francisco August 29th at 3:30 p m. Passed Farallone Light at 8 p m; blowing a westerly gale with a heavy sea running. At 12 o'clock shipped a heavy sea, which stove in the house. Lost several things off the deck. Got considerable water into the hold. The gale continued up to the 31st. On September 2d, 7:20 a m, machinery disabled. Detention of 22 hours. Repaired it temporarily, and kept on with caution, running at half speed. Had fine weather the last part of the passage. Got the trades in lat. 27.30. Arrived at Honolulu after a passage of 13 days and 21 hours.
H T REYNOLDS.

REPORT OF SHIP SYREN, MANTER, MASTER.—Left St Lawrence Bay, Aug. 13th, soon after leaving the bay had strong winds from E with thick fog, did not get but two observations until in lat 53° N; 16 days from the bay, was within 600 miles of Honolulu. From thence light winds and calms for 16 days, arriving at Honolulu on the 16th of Sept. On 17th, discharged 37,000 lbs bone into bark Discovery. Left on the 19th for New Bedford with 6,029 bbls oil, 7,000 ivory on board.

REPORT OF AMERICAN BARK AMY TURNER, CAPT. NEWELL.—Left Boston May 27th, 1878. Crossed the Equator in long 28.52 W, 35 days out. 29 days from the Equator to Cape Horn. Experienced very fine weather off the Cape; wind from N E to N, moderate. 10 days from lat 56 S in the Atlantic to lat 56 S in the Pacific. Crossed Equator in the Pacific long 126.35 W, 100 days out. Took the N E trade in lat 15 N; thence to port fresh trade. Passage 114 days. 25th Aug. signalized American ship H M Gregory, from New York for San Francisco, 95 days out, lat 18.27 S, long 105.14 W.

REPORT OF THE BARK GARIBALDI, FORBES, MASTER—Left New Castle August 6th. Fresh westerly winds up to the 26th. Had no S E trades. Got the N E trades in lat. 6° south, and had them light to the 12th of September. Made the east end of Hawaii September 21st, and Oahu September 22d, and arrived at Honolulu next morning, 47 days passage.

REPORT OF JANE A FALKINBERG, HUBBARD, MASTER—Sailed from Astoria September 7th. Had fresh N W winds for the first three days, then light northerly winds to lat. 30°. Then had fresh trades to Honolulu, arriving September 23d, 16 days passage.

REPORT OF H W ALMY, FREEMAN, MASTER—Left San Francisco September 3d, at 5 p m. Was two days from the Heads to the Farralones, with thick fog, and light airs from S E. Then light W N W winds for three days. Then light and baffling winds to lat. 26°, long. 140°. From thence to port light N E trades. Made east end of Maui on the 22d, and passed Diamond Head on the 23d. Arrived at Honolulu at 8 a m on the 24th, 17 days passage.

PASSENGERS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Ella, Sept 9—D C Atherton, Geo Warner, John Conner, W H Husten.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of Sydney, Sept 9—A Dryer, J T Waterhouse, jr, H Cornwell, Mrs Louisson, 3 children and servant, Mrs J W Atherton, Miss McInerny, Miss A McIntyre, H McIntyre, A A B Elliott, C M Cooke, wife and 2 children, Miss Clara L Moseley, Dan Hogan, Miss Ella Lamb, G C Williams and wife, J A Palmer, H M Whitney, P Dalton, Jas Hammer, Mrs G R Ewart, H Schmidt, Capt J A Bryan, Mrs Carter, P C Jones, wife and 2 children, Mrs Dickson and son, Mrs Tucker, J Lyons, E N Dyer, wife and child, Miss Carrie Bond, J F Arundel, J Lewis and wife, C Mon Chong, Mrs H Waterhouse, H Dockmund, H Greuluh, Dan Janner and wife, G Schneider, J D Robertson, J Walter, C F Wells, Mrs J Wright, Thos Seary, J T Smith, Martin Briner, J B Hopkins, H Boner, W McLauren, John Gallagher, Chas Scott, John Lunming and wife, J Stanfield, D McKenzie, F H Wilt, B Hughes, 22 Chinese passengers and 133 Chinese laborers. 87 passengers in transitu for Australia.

FOR AUSTRALIA—Per City of Sydney, Sept 10—Henry Tyler, R Brotherton, F Haehner, and 87 in transitu.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Kalakaua, Sept 10—Walter Shaw, Wm Holworth, John Sherman, Geo Goodacre, and 48 Chinese laborers.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Gen Harney, Sept 12—John Rodgers, Frank Collins, Chas Roeslan.

FROM PORT GAMBLE—Per Camden, Sept 17—Ah Sun.

FROM YOKOHAMA—Per Perusia, Sept 18—Mrs J B Gibbs and child, T Lawson, and 119 Chinese.

FOR CALLAO—Per Perusia, Sept 18—John Weber, Chung Sung.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Discovery, Sept 18—W H Wenner, J McDonald, Mrs C Z Furness.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Frank Marion, Sept 18—Mrs C E Williams and daughter.

FROM BOSTON—Per Amy Turner, Sept 19—Miss A Lizzie Newell.

FROM PORTLAND—Per J A Falkinburg, Sept. 23—Mrs N A Prescott and child, and three Chinese laborers.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per H W Almy, Sept. 24—H Freemen, and 37 Chinese laborers.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Ella, Sept. 24—Mrs. J. F. Flynn and 2 children.

FOR PORT GAMBLE—Per Camden, Sept. 24—Miss Brown, Master Abraham.

FOR TAHITI—Per Ed James, Sept. 26—Ah Loy.

MARRIED.

CLARKE—BUCKLE—In this city, September 7th, at the residence of Capt. A. N. Tripp, by the Rev. Father Hermann, MR. CHARLES CLARK to MISS JENNIE BUCKLE, daughter of Mr. William Buckle; all of Honolulu.

COOKE—MOSELEY—In this city, September 10th, at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Cooke, by Rev. H. Bingham, CLARENCE W. COOKE, of Honolulu, to MISS CLARA L. MOSELEY, of Union City, Michigan. No cards.
[Michigan papers copy.]

DIED.

WILLS—In this city, on the 12th inst., LOUIS THOMAS, aged seven months, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. WILLS, of Kaupo, Maui.

CAMPBELL—At Laupahoehoe, Hawaii, August 30th, GEORGE ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, son of Thomas and Helen A. Campbell, aged twelve years, two months and fourteen days.

[COMMUNICATED.]

"Weep not; he is not dead, but sleepeth."

"Brother, thou wast mild and lovely;
Gentle as the summer breeze;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

"Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

"Dearest brother! thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us—
He can all our sorrows heal.

"Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed."

KAVANAUGH.—At South Kona, Hawaii, September 11th, John Kavanaugh, aged 56 years, a native of county Down, Ireland. He leaves a widow and one child, for whom he has provided by will.

ATHERTON.—In this City Sept. 17th of Diphtheria. Bennie Hawley, second son of Mr & Mrs. J. B. Atherton, aged 7 years 6 month 20 days.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er shaded,
Sweetly his soul shall rest."

MCKENNEY—At Kaneohe, Oahu, September 20th, of brain disease, Mr. A. J. MCKENNEY, aged 38 years, 5 months and 10 days.

Tribute to the Memory of the Late Rev. Daniel Dole.

Sabbath morning, Sept. 15th, the Rev. S. C. Damon preached, in the Bethel, a sermon, from which the following paragraphs are copied. The text was selected from the 2d Book of Kings, iv. 9: "Behold, now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually."

* * * This Shunamite woman did not pass this high encomium upon Elisha for any one act of his life, but from its general tenor. He was accustomed to pass and repass where she dwelt. As she observed him from day to day, his character deeply impressed her mind, and to such a degree that she said to her husband, "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick, and it shall be when he cometh to us that he shall turn in thither." What a beautiful picture of Hebrew life is here presented, and how strangely in contrast with those scenes of blood and carnage, murder and revenge, which were taking place in the surrounding country. The quiet home which Elisha found in this pious household reminds us of that chapter in the life of Watts, the greatest of sacred lyric poets of England, who found a quiet and delightful home for thirty and six years in the family of Sir Thomas Abney, of London. Lady Abney acted the part of the woman of Shunam, and no one can now tell how much the world is indebted to Sir Thomas and Lady Abney for sheltering and caring for a poet whose "Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs" are now sung by the Church Universal.

The prophets of the Old Testament dispensation occupied a position and exerted an influence among the people much the same as that held by Gospel ministers under the New Testament dispensation. All power, in heaven and upon earth, having been given unto Christ, the Great Head of the Church, he has and does still raise up to preach the Gospel, men whose talents are suited and adapted to the exigencies of each century and era. Luther, Calvin and Knox, each had his assigned place and position in Germany, Switzerland and Scotland. Whitfield, Watts and the Wesleys were admirably suited to the 18th century. The 19th century embraces the era of modern missions; and while the Churches of England and America have not wanted for Gospel ministers at home, scores and hundreds of missionaries have been raised up and commissioned to preach the Gospel in foreign lands.

About fifty ordained missionaries, with their wives, besides numerous teachers, physicians and other lay laborers, have come to these Islands since the establishment of the American Mission here in 1820. Nearly sixty years have since passed away, and of course most of the early missionaries have been called to their account, while many of those coming at subsequent periods have also been called from the scenes of their earthly toils and labors. Within a few months, a Gulick, a Greene, a Clarke, an Andrews, have been numbered among the departed, and now the name of the Rev. Daniel Dole is added to the list. No one of the American missionaries was better known in this community and to this congregation, as he has frequently—perhaps more frequently than any other—occupied this pulpit. For nearly forty years has he resided on the Islands, and more than one-half of that period in Honolulu, and when not residing here he was wont to visit this city and preach in our pulpits and speak in our social religious meetings. The language of the Shunamite woman respecting Elisha would not inaptly apply to Mr. Dole: "Behold, now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually." He has been passing by us and associating with us for a whole generation, having commenced his labors at Punahou in 1841, 37 years ago. If we had lived in the days of Elisha, and become intimately acquainted with him as a Prophet of the Lord, and at the head of the School of the Prophets, I do not suppose we should have found him to have been a perfect man, without errors or defects, yet he might be styled "a holy man of God." Thus our departed brother Dole, while I am far from holding forth his character as perfect—as spotless, without defect—yet I do not hesitate to speak of him as "a holy man of God." This character was acquired, not by any one brilliant and specially noble and prominent act of his life or event in his career, but from a long course of consistent well-doing. His uniform conduct from day to day and year to year, until the close of life, impressed the minds of those familiarly acquainted with him that he was a holy-minded Christian man and minister of the Gospel. He was a studious, scholarly and reading man. Although not a linguist of the first class, yet he was a good Latin, Greek, French, Hebrew scholar, and, for literary and critical purposes, acquainted with other languages. He delighted to employ his learning in explaining and interpreting the Sacred Scriptures. As a teacher of the ancient classics—Latin and Greek—there are now living many of his pupils who ever delight to honor his memory as their teacher at Punahou. As a preacher, he was peculiarly instructive and searching, and the hearer passed out from listening to every one of his discourses impressed with the solemnity and sacredness of Christian worship. In many respects his style of preaching and general discourse would fill out that "ideal" preacher portrayed by the poet Cowper in his Task:

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too."

Often has he preached in this pulpit, but never without leaving the abiding impression upon the hearer's mind that he was "a holy man of God." Whether true or false, the charge has been brought forward against some who came to these Islands as missionaries, that they became too much absorbed in politics or worldly enterprize. I feel quite sure no such charge was ever even whispered respecting our departed friend and brother. There was a certain stately air in his walk and intercourse with society which indicated that the Puritan element had not become extinct in the latter half of the 19th century. There was more than enough in his general life and character to convince the observer that Macaulay's well-known portraiture of the Puritan character, in his famous article upon Milton, was no fancy sketch: "The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an over-ruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life." I regard it as an unspeakable privilege to have been on the most intimate and familiar terms of Christian friendship with such a Christian scholar, minister and friend as the Rev. Daniel Dole, during the period of more than one-third of a century. I have known of his being placed in circumstances of trial and affliction, and at one period called to resign a position which many believed him peculiarly well qualified to fill, but I cannot now recall one bitter and acrimonious remark which fell from his lips. It requires more principle and nobleness of character to step gracefully down from a position of trust than to assume its responsibilities. Our friend has passed away, and we shall see him no more passing in and out before us, but his name and memory will ever be cherished by those who delight to keep fresh in their minds the lives and characters of good and holy men. Upon the minds of the first generation of the children of the American missionaries to these Islands he has left an indelible impression for good, while the community at large derived a lasting influence from his holy walk and godly conversation. All who knew him in life could join in the words of the woman of Shunam in saying, "Behold, now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually," but no longer will he pass by us here on earth, for he has passed onward and upward, to join the company of the Redeemed in glory.

"Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless has died."

☞ We clip the following from the *Australian Witness*. The Rev. Dr. MacEachran made us a passing call. It affords us much pleasure to meet clergymen as they pass and repass on the Australian steamers. As in California, so in the Australian Colonies, overwork disables many able and efficient Gospel laborers:

"The Rev. D. S. MacEachran, of St. Andrew's Church, Victoria, was presented with a purse of £273, to meet the expenses of a voyage home for the benefit of his health. Dr. Cairns presided at a large meeting on the occasion. Mr. MacEachran is now in Sydney, and it is a matter of regret that a minister so highly respected and so gifted is unable to officiate among us prior to his departure by the mail. We trust that by the blessing of God he may be restored to a measure of health and usefulness."

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy. Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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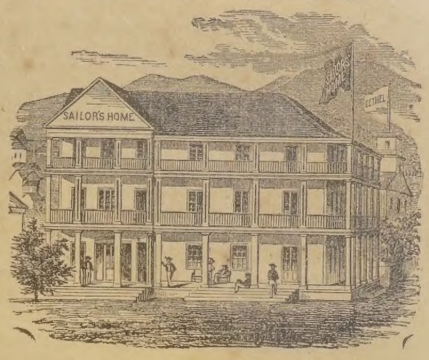

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[In Book III, of Clement of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the primitive church. It is there (150 years after the apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit:]

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife!
Thou didst thyself abase;
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give our life.

Thou art wisdom's High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love.
And in our mortal pain
None calls to thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain—
Help from above.

Ever be thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song.
Jesus, thou Christ of God!
By the perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praise on high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ, our King.

Various Thoughts.

We are impelled, in behalf of the Y. M. C. A., to make a few remarks on the subject of *humbugs*. Perhaps the term is not just the best one to express just what we mean. But we do not know of a better one, and just what we do mean may be gathered from the sequel.

To try your best, in an emergency, to supply needed service, even although you have not had the usual training and experience,—this is one thing. To come forward in an organised community and represent yourself as fully competent for a responsible position, when you are not, is another thing altogether, and is what we have in mind just now. In a new community, on the frontier or among savages, one may build a house, though not a carpenter; administer medicine, though not a physician; draw up a deed, though not a lawyer; yea, even preach, though not a minister. But he comes forward and does these things not because he regards himself thoroughly qualified, but from an earnest desire to meet the necessity of the case.

Yankee versatility has shown itself equal to so much that possessors of it regard themselves as equal to anything. Training is regarded as of little account. Emancipated from the laws that require a seven-years' apprenticeship, young men think they can "turn their hand to something or other," and get well paid for it, provided they can pass their work off as genuine till they "get their hand in."

So we are over-supplied with half-able men, half-skilled mechanics, slipshod professional men, unsuccessful business men, bungling artizans. Third-rate editors too, who help the matter along by liberally puffing all members of trades and professions, and all to make money,—out of whom?

Now this is not cynicism on our part; it is an expression of feeling founded on observation. So much half-done work comes to light, not at the time when it is done, but afterwards, that it amounts to a great loss to any community—more so to ours, which can ill afford it.

Seek then for a full and entire course of training. Be content with small wages till you have proved yourself worthy of higher pay. Remember Christ's direction to take the lower seat till called to the upper one.

It would pay the town of Honolulu to appoint a Board of Commissioners to appraise and buy out the principal liquor saloons, and dedicate the different sites thereof to new and other uses. The B——t Saloon, for instance, would make a first-rate place for a general reading room and public library, and if a live Y. M. C. A. set of men could run the place it would pay. The E—— House would be for a Chinese evening school, lecture room, etc. The B—— H—— Saloon would widen the street, and be a good sailors' reading room, coffee room, etc., etc. May be.

Walking down the lane the other day to business haunts, the strains of the Royal Band floated on the air. It was music of an unusual character that we heard—the rehearsal for a military funeral. Stately and grand, yet the music of sorrow. And it seemed to fill a place no other music could—to satisfy as other music would not. The thought came, Is it not the noblest part of our nature that bears sorrow? The poet says:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Is it not also

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have *lost* at all."

Does not Christianity prove itself adapted to the highest nature of man in that it provides so important a place for the ministry of sorrow? The "Man of Sorrows" is the leader in the Christian arrangement of things. Through the winter of sorrow we become ready for the glad spring.

Young men, if you have ten dollars to send to the sufferers from fever or famine, wouldn't it be more business-like to send the whole of it, and not use up one-half of it in expenses for your own enjoyment in the giving of it? Yet so have most people to be wheedled into "charity," as it is called. Then, if you have another ten to spend on a dance, go and spend it, but don't mix things,—it spoils both.

Learning to Save.—The first thing to be learned by a boy or young man, or any one else having the least ambition to become a useful member of society, is the habit of saving. No matter if a boy or girl has wealthy parents, each should learn to save, if for no other reason than that riches are known "to take to themselves wings and fly away." Few are so well-to-do as to be secure against poverty and want. It does not matter a great deal whether a man receives a salary of a dollar a day or five dollars, if he gets rid of it all during the week, so that there is nothing left Saturday night, he will not get rich very rapidly. He will never have much ahead. But the individual who receives one dollar per day and is able to save twenty cents, or the one getting five dollars who is careful to lay up a dollar, is laying up something for a rainy day.

☞ We have occasionally hinted at the desirableness of a missionary among the Chinese who understands both languages. We rejoice to learn that there is a prospect of the Rev. Mr. Condit, of Oakland, visiting our Islands. A visit from him will be cordially welcomed, and we doubt not will prove productive of much good.

☞ A memorial to Henry Martin, the missionary, is being erected at Stratford. It will be 60 feet high, and surmounted by a martyr's crown.